

Happy Campers

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Alternate Universe - British, CUTE CAMPING FLUFF, F/M, Fluff, M/M, also:, and mike and bev being lil shits trying to set everyone up, and my god, and they stir up shit, ben just like: um im here taking candidso so can you guys just stop for a sec, bowers group is there, but lets not worry about that right now (;, but thats cool cause its still gonna be cute, eddie and stan being so mutually DONE with everyone, is just everywhere, might make it abit angsty, richie being a little cute camper, theyre all doing this british award, to summarise:, where they go camping

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie never had good ideas until he asked the Loser's club to join him to go camping for the weekend for an award. It was meant to be a peaceful, ever so slightly difficult, trip. But when things don't exactly go as planned everything gets a little bit hectic and a weekend turns into a week. Accidental kisses are shared, life-changing secrets are told, and certain people get very moody very quickly. For the Loser's club, it quickly becomes the worst, and best, week of their entire lives.

1. The Idea

Author's Note:

Wow look at me posting two things in a day, I'm being productive! :D

Okay just to break it down, I wanted to make a British AU literally just for the purpose of having the Losers do this award that I did a year ago. Idk if there's an American equivalent, but I figured it would be easier so I could include elements of my experience. Anyways, it's only going to be mentioned once but the Duke of Edinburgh Award is an award done in multiple countries (split into Bronze, Silver, and Gold which gets progressively harder each time) where you do some shit and at some point you go camping and you have to like hike with these massive ass bags with all your camping shit in and you have to do loads of mapping and coordinating and like 20km of walking and there's a 99% chance of getting lost. So you can imagine the fun times the Loser's clubs about to have (;

Enjoy!

Word count: 1.3k +

Richie Tozier was the only one out of the Loser's club to complete the Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Award - an award known by many throughout the UK but only completed by few. It was two years before Ben, Beverly, and Mike had joined their little school and Bill, Stan, and Eddie couldn't go at the time. Bill had broken his leg before they'd made it to the expedition and had to drop out early, Eddie's mum almost had a fit thinking about him in the forest with all those "dirty, filthy creatures" (Richie was pretty sure that description included him) and Stan just couldn't be bothered. But that didn't stop Richie.

He'd always loved camping and going on hikes and he loved the

aesthetic of sleeping under the stars and breathing in fresh woodland air and eating marshmallows by the fire. He'd always gone out camping by himself, when nights at home were a little bit too loud and maybe a bit too violent for the young boy. He would take warm clothes and a packet of marshmallows from his secret stash, escape out of his window, and flee into the woods behind his house and make a little fire using some old branches and his dad's lighter. Usually he would sleep out there, but more often than not he'd just stay up all night watching the sky. Sometimes Bill would join him, and sometimes even Stan would. Eddie never would; if he ever got caught leaving he would be completely slaughtered by his mum. But it didn't matter to Richie, because if nights were too bad then he would just go straight to Eddie's house anyway and he would always let him in. Camping was something Richie grew up with, and to have the opportunity to get an award for doing something he loved? He thought it was the best thing ever.

Not many others, however, thought the same. Their school wasn't *exactly* the best in the country, or the town, or the village that they lived in for that matter. At least one person got injured, without fail, every year their school ran the award, and the weather was always horrible because they always chose the rainiest, coldest month and the weirdest locations to camp. It put a lot of people off over the years, but not Richie. It was the one time in Richie's life he'd taken the weekend to calm down - so when their school offered them the opportunity to continue onto the Silver level, Richie was the first to bring it up to the other Losers in the hopes they'd all join him.

"You've got to be fucking joking me," Eddie hissed, cringing at the thought. They were all sat together in the cafeteria when Richie made the announcement, and Eddie almost choked on his food. He didn't even want to do Bronze and that was only two days and one night in the middle of a forest. Silver was a whole three days and two nights and Eddie was not okay with that whatsoever. Bugs? Mud? Stinging nettles? Yeah, *definitely* not for Eddie.

"I'm down," Bill and Beverly both agreed, immediately excited over the idea. Bill had been so upset about not being able to go last time that he'd been waiting for this year to come around so he could finally participate. He felt guilty for leaving Richie last time, but

mostly he just wanted to do something bigger with his friends. Something they'd all remember and be able to laugh at in a few years time. Beverly just wanted an excuse to be away from home; plus she always loved their little group explorations in the woods around their town, so why would this be any different?

Eddie groaned, knowing he was about to fight a pointless battle. "Seriously, you guys? Do you know how many diseases you could get out there?"

"Probably not as many as your mum, am I right fellas?" Richie joked, lifting his hand for the others to high five. They didn't. Instead Eddie reached over the table and slapped him, continuing to speak even as Richie started complaining. "I'm serious! You get one cut and suddenly mother nature's given you gonorrhea and they're sending you to hos-"

"We're down too," Mike and Ben agreed, too involved in their own conversation to even hear Eddie's annoyance. Stan simply shrugged his shoulders with a little "yeah, me too I suppose" as though it didn't really matter (but it definitely did because *Bill* was going and Stan's mind raced at the idea of camping with him because that shit was romantic). Stan loved nature more than anyone else did, so aside from obvious reasons he did really want to go this time despite how disinterested he seemed. He loved the calming sounds of leaves and branches crunching under his feet and the trees rustling overhead and the sun warming his cheeks and the sounds of hidden birds singing above him. If anything, this year he was *excited* .

Mike and Ben just liked the idea of aesthetic pictures and the chance at seeing farm animals and dogs everywhere. They were very easily pleased people. Infact, already they were agreeing on which camera to take with them that wouldn't be too heavy but also wouldn't be too crappy so they could take amazing candid of everyone.

Eddie groaned even louder and smacked his head on the table, leaving it there as he contemplated leaving this stupid group and finding people that actually cared about their health. "Come on Eds, you know it'll be fun!" Richie said, ruffling up his neatly done hair and laughing as the smaller boy swatted his hand away. Eddie grumbled, but didn't say anything in the hopes they'd just leave him

be. "Alright then, well I guess that's six out of the seven of us." Eddie's heart almost broke at the disappointment in Richie's voice, but there was no way in *hell* he was going. No matter how much it tore him apart to think of Richie being sad that he wasn't going, he *really* didn't want to fall into a ditch and break his arm like that kid last year and the year before that did.

"It's okay, Eddie. But, well, it would've made tents so much easier if you were there cause then you and Richie could've shared one together," Beverly mused, a mischievous grin on her face because she knew *exactly* what she was doing. Sometimes she needed to intervene every now and then, just to give her friends a little head start in their blossoming relationships. She had to stop herself from laughing when Eddie casually - at least, in an attempt to be casual - lifted his head and started listening extra carefully. Richie was completely oblivious, as he usually was. "I guess we'll just have to work out which of us can handle Richie's obnoxious snoring more than you can," she said, giving a fake sigh that was so obvious to everyone else *except* Eddie and Richie.

"Hey I-" Richie started, accidentally flinging a little pea at Beverly as he got ready to shout at her. Beverly was just about to throw one back until Eddie's voice piped up, "Oh, well I guess in that case I'll come along seeing as I'm the only one who can handle Richie's trash snores." He was looking down and fumbling with his fingers, trying to hide the growing red on his face. Beverly smirked, while Richie was both offended and super hyped that his Eddie was actually going to go! And so were all his best friends! It was a complete dream come true, and in seconds Richie lifted himself from the seat and ran out of the cafeteria to go sign them all up. Already Eddie regretted giving in so easily.

"I guess now this means Stan and Bill can share a tent, and me, Bev, and Ben can take the three-person one," Mike said, looking innocent as he spoke. He laughed as he felt Bill kick him underneath the table and give him a pointed glare, and Bev looked on in wonderment and amusement. She had taught Mike well. Meanwhile Stan looked on with a blush creeping up his cheeks because he knew exactly what Mike was implying and he had absolutely *zero* idea how Mike, or anyone, could possibly know anything about his feelings towards Bill.

Now he knew exactly how Eddie was feeling.

As everyone left to go to class Eddie sat still in his seat with Stan by his side, suddenly realising that Beverly had completely duped him. He slammed his head on the table again, letting out a groan so loud the other students in the room thought he was dying. Stan felt too much pity to laugh; he related to Eddie way too much at this moment to mock him in this situation. Even still, that didn't stop him from bluntly pointing out,

“You realise Richie doesn't snore, right?” Eddie let out another groan, which was beginning to sound more like a sob than anything. He nodded his head wordlessly, and as Stan got up he patted him pitifully on the shoulder. “Yeah, me too.”

Eddie couldn't believe this was happening.

2. The Feeling

Notes for the Chapter:

Things are starting to get sexy (SFW)

Enjoy! <3

(I forgot to mention this would be a Modern AU)

Word count: 2.1k +

The teachers had been pretty surprised to find out that the Losers club, of all people, wanted to do the Silver award. Richie, of course, they had been more than happy to enroll - in fact, he'd been the best student they'd ever had to do the award. But the likes of Eddie and Stan, the hypochondriac and germaphobe? They couldn't help but ask Richie if they even knew what they were signing up for, or at least, what Richie was signing them up for. Of course Richie had waved it off, proudly writing down all their names on the sheet, and the teachers simply accepted it because if Richie was going then he was going to make sure they all passed. And the school *desperately* needed people to pass.

When Richie had first seen the sheet it had been completely empty, and he was certain that only the Losers club would go that year seeing as everyone else hated the idea. But as he finished writing down all of their names he took the chance to see who else had enrolled while he was gone, and felt his heart sink as he saw Henry Bowers and his gang of misfits right at the top of the list. All five of them were going to go, and as Richie looked up at the teacher and said "seriously?", the teacher nodded sadly and admitted how they couldn't exactly turn them down. But Richie didn't bother scribbling their names out, instead he just shrugged and walked away because there was no way in hell he was going to let Henry Bowers and his asshole friends ruin this. This was going to be the only chance for him to finally make some vital progress with his friends, and he couldn't let anyone mess that up.

For the next few months leading up to their expedition, the school had given them all training lessons. First aid, building tents, the usual kind of things, and Richie and Bill were absolute pros. After all their nights camping out together they already knew how to pitch a tent and build a fire and cook their food and such. Stan and Eddie were completely smitten, until Beverly showed them all up and did everything with ease despite being a “complete noob” as Richie called her. Eddie was, naturally, already well taught on first aid seeing as it was all he ever worried about. He’d even turned up, by chance, carrying the exact same things the teachers told them they should be taking on the trip, plus more. Richie, naturally, made fun of him for it.

“I’m sorry you don’t care about your health as much as some of us do trashmouth,” he spat, and Richie just laughed and pinched his cheeks and told him at least he could trust him to save his life if he fell into a ditch and Eddie responded with “not a chance.” But when Beverly pulled him away and whispered something about CPR Eddie’s insides burned as red as his cheeks.

That had become a common occurrence throughout the weeks leading up to the expedition. Beverly, and sometimes even Mike, would say something innocent and casual that would have Eddie suffering from heart palpitations. And it took him a few weeks, but eventually he realised that their innocent act was a complete ruse, and that they’d been doing the exact same thing to both Stan and Bill. Eddie had tried confronting Bill to find out why they were doing this, to which the boy just stumbled so badly on his words that he couldn’t even tell Eddie anything. But when Eddie confronted Stan, the boy was quick to spill.

“I like Bill, and they know, and they’re trying to set us up. And I know you know too,” he said, a bluntness in his tone that told Eddie he really didn’t need to act surprised. Eddie nodded, and for the first time in a while he wanted to admit his feelings towards Richie because Stan, of all the Losers, would understand. So he did, but he didn’t expect Stan to tell him he knew already.

“What do you mean you know?!” Eddie said, his voice a bit too loud that everyone else in the class looked back at him in confusion and the teacher told him to be quiet. He sunk back in his seat, but still

felt his heart beating rapidly because he hadn't told anyone. Ever.

"We all know, Eddie. All of us except Richie," Stan admitted, his voice hushed. "Bev and Mike aren't just being annoying, they are genuinely trying to set you guys up too."

Eddie felt like he couldn't breathe for the entire lesson, and the rest of the day, and every time Bev and Mike would say something a bit too suggestive with Richie a bit too close by. He'd liked Richie for a while now, but it was never something he told anyone about. Not even when they all realised that Stan and Bill liked each other. It was never about feeling like he wouldn't be accepted by them, it was the fact that he knew Richie wouldn't feel the same so never even bothered bringing it up to them. Even when he confronted Ben he admitted that he knew there was something there the moment he met them. It was all Eddie could think about, but from that day he didn't speak a single word about it to anyone until the expedition finally came around.

It was the month of July when they went on their expedition. They hadn't done a practice one like most schools did because theirs couldn't afford it, so as they all bundled together on the cold, rainy morning sitting on their bags (that weighed twice the amount that they did) they didn't know what to expect. Richie had told them what would happen, and though they knew about the walking and the following the map and the camping, they had zero clue on what it would be like. Richie didn't bother telling them that during his expedition a group got so lost they ended up walking for twelve hours when they only should have walked about seven. Or that, at the same time, a group got so lost they had to camp out in the middle of the woods without knowing where they even were. He figured it didn't matter, because he wasn't about to let that happen to his group.

It was 6am when they had gathered outside the school, getting ready to pack their stuff into the coaches and go. Most of them had woken up at 5am to get ready, so as they waited for the teachers to sort themselves out they sat on their bags in silence as they drifted in and out of sleep. Even Richie was quiet as he leaned his head on Eddie's shoulder. Eddie didn't mind, he was too zoned out to even realise it was raining let alone that Richie was leaning on one side of him and

Ben on the other. Mike was the only one wide awake as he helped the three teachers pack away all of their maps and cameras (Ben had brought his own camera for the Losers to use, while Bowers' gang had one of the crappy nokia phones to take pictures - they weren't too happy about that).

Even as they piled into the coach - the Losers club in one, Bowers' gang in the other - they were quiet, too tired to even communicate save for some groans and grunts. In the coach, Richie and Eddie sat in one seat, Bill and Stan in the other, Ben and Mike in another, and Beverly in the entire row at the back with headphones in and her head on a makeshift pillow. It wasn't until they were 20 minutes in on the way to a forest in Wales that certain people started to feel more lively. As Richie and Ben started to wake up more, Richie took out his portable speaker and started playing obnoxiously loud songs from his phone while both him and Ben sang along. Ben, of course, was a bit quieter seeing as Bill and Stan were dead asleep in their seats - Bill's head on Stan's shoulder and Stan's head resting on top of Bill's head (he didn't hesitate to take a picture of the two from multiple angles).

Eddie was the first to wake up from Richie's singing. At one point Mike had joined in, and all Eddie could hear was a different range of voices singing to the most annoying song he'd ever heard. He completely forgot to bring his headphones, so for a few minutes he seriously considered climbing out of the window and throwing himself onto the motorway just to escape it all until Stan woke up and saved him. Bill was too much of a deep sleeper to hear any of what was going on, and so was Stan until Richie started swinging his arms around to the music and accidentally hit him in the face. Stan proceeded to throw his book, which he'd kept rested on his lap, at Richie's head and went back to sleep as he put his headphones in. Richie stopped singing after that, his head pounding from the massive encyclopedia of birds that now laid haphazardly on the floor. A violent reminder to never accidentally wake up Stan ever again.

"It's your own fault," Eddie said, his chin rested in his hand as he stared out of the window at the cars that drove by. Richie had groaned in pain and moved to rest his head in Eddie's lap, looking up at the smaller boy for sympathy. Richie scoffed, and reached up to

poke Eddie in the adam's apple to which the smaller boy started choking, and returned the favour by karate chopping Richie's neck. Richie screamed, and started laughing, and Eddie couldn't help but laugh back.

"Thanks for agreeing to come," Richie said after a moment of quiet, looking up at Eddie with soft, serious eyes. Eddie didn't look down, but smiled anyways as he said, "I'm the only one that can put up with your stupid snoring." Richie flicked Eddie's nose and grumbled.

"Eds, you know I don't-" he started to say, but Eddie covered his mouth with his hand and said, "I know," and Richie stayed silent as the smile on Eddie's face grew. Richie felt his heart warm, because deep down he knew Eddie really agreed to come along because of him. Whatever reason it was, it was because of Richie, and that made him happy enough to peacefully close his eyes and continue resting quietly in Eddie's lap.

At some point he felt Eddie's hand go through his hair, twirling the curls around his fingers and gently stroking them. He opened his eyes only to see Eddie's closed; he looked so at peace and Richie wanted this moment to last forever. He'd always loved when people played with his hair. More often than not, it was Beverly that did it. Some nights, when they were both escaping home, they would meet at the quarry and he would rest his head on her legs and she would subconsciously start running her hands through his messy hair as they talked about how shitty their homes were. And he would be smoking a cigarette and they would pass it between each other until all it became was ash on the ground and smoke in the air, and they would sit like that for hours in peace until one, or both, of them fell asleep.

They all knew it was something that calmed Richie down, but when Eddie did it there was something different there. Not just peace and calm, but something new that fluttered around in Richie's chest and he had no idea what it was but he didn't want it to go away. He only ever felt it with Eddie, and he knew why but he didn't, because it was confusing and Eddie was his best friend. But there was a kind of sadness Richie felt when they had finally arrived and Eddie woke up from his daydream and took his hands away from Richie's hair that Richie never felt before. It was new and weird and scary but Richie

wanted to feel it again. So as they left the coach and started to get all their things together, he wrapped an arm around Eddie's shoulder and pulled him close because "It's so fucking cold, Eds, I'm dying here," and Eddie didn't do anything except lean into Richie's chest and say, "don't call me Eds." It was the closest Richie could get to bringing that feeling back, and it was blissful.

Within a few minutes, they had split up from the teachers and Bowers' group, and they were walking through cold, wet woods. The whole time Eddie and Richie kept their arms close, bumping into each other every now and then and giving each other a smile and a laugh. It was the perfect picture, literally, and as Ben showed Beverly and Mike the candid of the two lovebirds, the three of them knew that things were finally about to change for the little group.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you enjoyed! <3

Things are about to get even sexier as the Losers make their way into the depths of the forest (;
Stay tuned bbys

Author's Note:

Hope ya gois enjoyed! It's definitely going to be more than one part, and cute shit is definitely gonna go down (; It's not as long as I wanted it to be, but it'll get longer with each chapter.